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Commissioners. We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries...

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, April 16, 1889.

Capital Prize, \$300,000. 100,000 Tickets at \$30; Halves \$15; Quarters \$7 1/2; Tenths \$2; Twentieths \$1.

Table listing prizes: 1 PRIZE OF \$300,000 is \$300,000; 1 PRIZE OF \$100,000 is \$100,000; 1 PRIZE OF \$50,000 is \$50,000; 1 PRIZE OF \$25,000 is \$25,000; 2 PRIZES OF \$10,000 are \$20,000; 5 PRIZES OF \$5,000 are \$25,000; 25 PRIZES OF \$1,000 are \$25,000; 100 PRIZES OF \$500 are \$50,000; 200 PRIZES OF \$300 are \$60,000; 500 PRIZES OF \$200 are \$100,000.

APPROXIMATION PRIZES. 100 Prizes of \$500 are \$50,000; 100 do. 300 are \$30,000; 100 do. 200 are \$20,000.

TERMINAL PRIZES. 999 do. 100 are \$99,900; 999 do. 100 are \$99,900.

3,134 Prizes, amounting to \$1,054,800. Note—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to Terminal Prizes.

For Club Rates or any other desired information, write legibly to the undersigned, clearly stating your residence, with State, County, Street and Number. Money rapid return mail delivery will be assured by enclosing an Envelope bearing your full address.

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REMEMBER that the payment of the Prizes is guaranteed by Four National Banks of New Orleans, and the tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose charters and rights are recognized in the highest courts; therefore, beware of all imitations or anonymous schemes.

ONE DOLLAR is the price of the smallest part or fraction of a ticket ISSUED BY US in any drawing. Anything in our name, offered for less than a Dollar is a swindle.

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Buildings completed or in course of erection from April 1, 1886:

- Business block, C E Montgomery, 11th and N. do do L W Billingsley, 11th near N. Restaurant (Olelli) C E Montgomery, N near 11th.

- Residence, J J Imhoff, J and 12th. do J D Macfarlane, Q and 14th. do John Zehring, D and 11th. do Albert Watkins, D bet 9th and 10th. do Wm M Leonard, E bet 9th and 10th. do E R Guthrie, 27th and N. do J E Reed, M D, F bet 10th and 17th. do L G B Baldwin, G bet 18th and 18th. do First Baptist church, 14th and K streets. do ordinary school and receiving tomb at Wyuka cemetery.

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AMERICA'S MONUMENT.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE GREAT OBELISK AT WASHINGTON.

The First Thing That Strikes Your Eye as You Enter the Capital—Ascending the Winding Stairs—The Paradise of Enraptured Lovers and the Newly Wedded.

WASHINGTON, March 21.—Everybody goes to see the monument. Of the many thousands of patriots who came here during the inauguration jubilee, it is estimated one-quarter made the ascent of the great white shaft. Train conductors say the monument is the first thing incoming passengers begin to talk about. There is a rush to the car windows and a



PACKING THE ELEVATOR CAR.

flood of inquiries. Once within the city, it is impossible to escape the fascination of this huge obelisk. It can be seen, towering to the clouds, from all parts of the District of Columbia. Wherever one goes its beautiful proportions and bright apex are in view, stimulating sentiment and exciting curiosity. The visitor may be a veritable aborigine, a stoic, in his indifference to those things which attract the common eye, but there is a fascination about this overshadowing structure which in the end conquers all comers.

"Oh, I don't want to see the monument," says the indifferent visitor to the capital; "I have read all about it. Wouldn't walk across the street to see it." This is on the day of his arrival. Hourly thereafter his vision falls upon the shaft. The farther he goes from the taller it seems to him. The nearer his view the vaster it appears. Those little dark spots away up near the top, which he knows to be windows, attract his attention. He wonders what can be seen from them, how it feels to be up so high and what sort of a view it is the bird gets of a great city. This goes on for a day or two, and then he says to his friends:

"Suppose we make up a party and go over to the monument this afternoon."

It is one of the days of the inauguration period. There are so many people awaiting a chance to ride up the elevator that a line has formed outside the base of the shaft. The people huddle together close to the great stones in order to find protection from the wind. They find themselves standing on top of a hill fifty feet above the surrounding land. It is an artificial hill, built up out of a swamp. They amuse themselves looking up with cheek resting against the wall. The monument appears as if it were about to topple over upon them. It is a startling illusion. Here two men observe that some of the stones have cracks in them, that pieces of granite have peeled off and fallen. One says the monument will collapse in a hundred years. Another thinks it will be a thousand. A civil engineer, a man who seems to know



"WE'LL WAIT FOR YOU AT THE TOP."

what he is talking about, calmly says that the shaft will stand a million years, unless sooner thrown down by an earthquake. The inaugural visitors are numerous. In one day 10,500 persons make the ascent. There is a closely packed crowd inside, gathered round the elevator inclosure and huddled under the iron shaft. As there is but one door to the shaft the attendants require visitors to walk around the elevator before entering the car, leaving an open passage for the exit of those coming down. The car is on its way up now, and the crowd impatiently awaits its descent. A turning of the face upward shows a gloomy well, a mass of iron beams, a few dim incandescent lamps, a study in aerial perspective, and away up, just discernible, a bit of daylight. The visitors think they are crowded here. White and black, silks and rags, are jostling together. But let them wait till they get into the car before talking of a crush. Some have not the patience to wait. The attendant tells them the ascent of the car requires ten minutes, and the descent ten or twelve more. So they start up the stairs. It is a gentle acclivity, a good, broad iron step, and the journey is begun with nimble feet. A smooth faced, jolly man, accompanied by two ladies somewhat his junior, starts off at a great rate, gayly waving his handkerchief to his more patient friends below.

"We'll wait for you at the top," he calls out, and disappears.

Now the car comes down and so many passengers alight that the hopes of the waiting ones, who have feared they would be compelled to wait till another trip, are revived. As soon as all have passed out the loading begins. "Now, take it easy, ladies and gentlemen," cries the attendant, as the crowd begins to push and surge. "One at a time now; don't push."

At the door of the car stands the conductor, who is also the loader. He is a skillful man. Probably he could beat the average woman packing a trunk. At any rate he beats all records in packing elevator cars. He makes the people sit just so, and stand just so. He cords his passengers up, having an eye to their thickness and thinness. A fat man he stands in the middle with a lean man on either side. In the next layer are three men of average size. Children are used to fill in the interstices. There are some strange juxtapositions in this human sardine box. The wife of a New York millionaire and a Baltimore oyster cannon are standing closer than sisters. The governor of a western state has been crowded into such a position that he has his arms almost around an ex-slave from Virginia.

When the packing is completed the conductor shuts the door. A man is begging to be taken aboard. He repeats the stale joke, "There's always room for one more," but the conductor slyly shakes his head. He pulls the wire rope and the ascent is begun. The conductor becomes communicative, too.

"That joke about always room for one more makes me very tired," he says. "I hear it about four times out of five when I get my load on, and you can imagine that it has become a little monotonous. I know when the car is full. We carry just thirty-five persons, not counting babies in arms, and I count the people as they come through the door. I don't vary the number except on rare occasions. People average up to a nicety in weight and size. Still there are exceptions. Once I struck a party of young people from New England. I was able



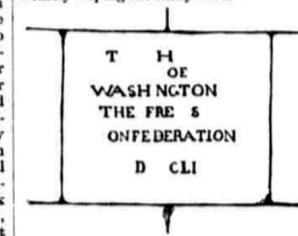
WHERE HE WAITED.

to get in forty-one of 'em, and the closer I crowded them the better they liked it. Once we had a party of brewers here, and I was astonished to find the car full at twenty-nine.

"Are the women afraid the elevator will break down? Not many. Never had a woman faint on my hands yet. Several men have asked me to stop and let them off, and my experience is that the men are more timid about this thing than the women. About two weeks ago an odd incident occurred here. You see that the car jolts a little on the up trip. It doesn't do that coming down. Well, we were on our way up and had reached the 550 foot level, when a woman was taken seasick, and we had to stop and let her off. She was very sick, and an awkward place this is for trouble of that sort.

"We played a joke on a man here one day that I thought was pretty clever. He was intoxicated, and made a nuisance of himself. I stopped the car, opened the door and sung out: 'Top of the monument. All out; but this gentleman out first.' As soon as the drunken passenger had stepped out I closed the door and pulled the string. We let that man out at the forty foot level."

Up and up goes the car. Soon the air begins to feel damp and cool, like that of a cavern or cellar. There are queer echoes. The whistle of a boy sounds like a steamboat's blast at a landing. Some youngsters, running on the iron steps, produce a racket which makes a timid little man think the monument is falling down. Two or three workmen, riding on top of the car, halloo to the conductor to stop, and their voices sound strange and uncanny. And still up and up. After what seems to be a journey of a quarter hour the 300 foot mark is seen. And here the passengers break into a titter, for the smooth faced, jolly man, who left his friends so gayly at the foot of the shaft, is beheld reclining on the stairs, his hat beside him, wearily wiping his rainy face.



A SPECIMEN OF VANDALISM.

Now the passengers get a glimpse of the tablet stones set in the wall. There are several scores of these and more to be put in. Sauntering up and down are seen loving couples hand in hand. George Washington's monument is an ideal lover's retreat. There are gloomy corners and inscriptions to stop and gaze at while hands are being squeezed and hearts are beating fast. Lovers scorn the elevator. And still up and up. The passengers make jokes about getting

nearer heaven than they had ever hoped, about the prospects if the car should drop. Dignity is forgotten. The millionaire's wife chats with the oyster cannon; the governor tickles the freedman's ribs; and they laugh together. Strange element of human nature, that nobody appears to think of George Washington!

Now the car stops. The top has been reached at last. All out. Everybody is surprised at the roominess of this observatory, 500 feet above the ground. There is more room here than at the bottom. That is because the walls are thinner. Here they are but eighteen inches thick; at the base they are fifteen feet. A hundred people can stand here in comfort. There are eight windows, and



500 FEET ABOVE THE EARTH.

though from the ground they appear mere specks of black, here they are seen to be large enough for a man to jump out through. Strange that nobody has yet availed himself of the opportunity. There is no glass in these windows, but they can be closed with slabs of stone swung in iron frames.

Of course it is a marvelous view from this observatory. The Potomac looks like a trout brook. The Virginia hills are at your feet. The city spreads out like a figure in the carpet of your parlor. On a clear day the blue hills of Virginia can be seen. With a good glass the battle field of Manassas, twenty-five miles away, can be discerned. Boys playing baseball on the sandy shores of the river resemble the ants you see at your feet when strolling on terra firma.

Only those who walk up or down the stairs realize the immensity of the structure. This makes one think of the Father of his Country, too, for the tablets breathe adoration and love of him. Some of these monuments within the monument tell, too, of the unworthiness of his children.

There are scapegraces in all families, and George Washington has not escaped. The vandal has been here. He has scribbled his name everywhere, even on the carved open Bible. "John Smith" is scrawled across the granite offering of Egypt, which is older than history. Sculptured figures in bas relief have lost arms, heads, legs. A locomotive, carved in stone by workmen of Philadelphia, has had its piston rod broken off and carried away, and half the spokes of its driving wheel. So many of the bronze tablets screwed upon one of the tablets have been removed that one can only guess what the original inscription was. Shameful vandalism in a sacred spot.

WALTER WELLMAN

IN HOT HONDURAS.

An Enervating Climate and an Unprogressive People. [Special Correspondence.]

AMPALA, Honduras, Feb. 26.—Look in your geography and you will find Honduras to be a fair strip of land nearly as large as New England, located in Spanish America, and stretching from the Caribbean sea to the Pacific ocean. It is wholly within the torrid zone. They call it the New El Dorado, perhaps justly. From what I have seen of it the country is certainly beautiful, the land most fruitful.

Centuries ago, when the Spaniard was lord of this realm, Honduras paid vast tribute to the mother country, and gold was as plentiful as any of the baser metals. In fact it is more a statement of historic truth than a romantic legend that the Spaniards in Honduras, 300 years ago, shod their horses with golden shoes, iron being more difficult to obtain than the yellow stuff. So rich was the country that Spain built a massive fortress on the Caribbean sea to hold the royal treasure. The "king's fifth," which was demanded from Honduras of all the bullion gathered, was a mighty sum, and the ruins of the old fort show today the great vaults where the gold bricks were piled. Spain built her palaces, cathedrals and ships with the money from her distant possessions, and when Honduras aided in driving her from the field the loss to the Castilian was incalculable.

I suppose Honduras now is as rich in hidden treasure as she was then. The entire country is filled with half worked mines, and to the superficial looker on the new El Dorado is really located in the slow, easy going and tropical republic. But, if so, it will never be developed by native energy, for of that there is none. A Honduras native, or half breed, toils not, neither does he spin. A little coffee, a few bananas, a bunch or two of peppers, and a dash of maize supply his physical wants. These the soil gives him without cultivation, and he is content to jostle his life away. He may work occasionally in the mines, where his pay is fifty cents a day, in debased coin; but he is not a steady toiler, and he has no idea of progression or advancement. One cannot blame him. The climate may be salubrious, but it is hot and enervating. When the American comes here, as he does occasionally, with his dash and hurry—for fifteen millions of American money is already invested in the Honduras mines—he soon loses his activity and settles down into a thin, slow moving southerner, with a well developed liver. He sits under his own palm tree, sips "aguadiente," which is as strong as Hercules,

and while he talks loudly for Honduras, in his heart he knows there is no place like home. Still, I cannot deny this interesting republic, for much of it is fairly land, and its volcanic hills are magnificent as well as productive. As compared with people I have seen in Costa Rica and Colombia, the inhabitants of Honduras are really Christianized and civilized, but their industrial developments are a hundred years or more behind those of the United States. In agriculture, still more. A wooden plow, drawn by a yoke of oxen, is a familiar sight; and corn is ground in about the same manner that the Egyptians ground it 3,000 years ago.

In planting grain a long sharp stick is used, with which a hole is made in the ground, the grain dropped in and left to nature and the rich soil without any further attention from the husbandman till harvest time. And yet good crops are raised.

The business habits of the people are simple, and judging by the ease with which every matter of business is characterized it would lead to the assumption that they were not accustomed to trade, yet such is far from the truth. They bargain well, whether the amount be for a dollar's worth or a dime's. The store is generally in one corner of a front room, opening on the street and resembling an old fashioned corner cupboard. Here are stowed laces, muslins, prints, groceries and other commodities. The retail price of an article is less than the quantity price. By the quantity it is more than likely to be double in price, for the simple reason that you want them and therefore must pay. In the two cities, however, are found large stores, the proprietors of which do business on a more modern method.

In many of the large towns are market places, where the country people go to sell their marketing—corn, beans, oranges, lemons, pineapples, melons, coffee, tobacco, sugar, cheese—in fine, everything from the hacienda to tempt the appetite and appease it. The senorita, with her dark olive skin well washed for the occasion, in her nice camisa not reaching to her waist, and with a skirt independent of any contact above, smokes her cigarita and laughs with the bargainer, while her sparkling eyes entice the unwary foreigner to purchase at an exorbitant rate.

Outside the mines and the two big cities there is practically no labor. Farming is little known. The pineapple, the banana, the lime, the orange, the cocconut, the coffee bean and the pepper grow in wild luxuriance. They furnish food and drink. As for raiment, that is simply ornamental—not necessary. In the country they wear next to nothing, and the people are so densely ignorant that they know of no outside world and have no ambition beyond the animal needs of the day. The government is modeled after the United States, but the voting is confined to the cities. Away from them people scarcely take advantage of the suffrage.

The president of the republic is, as a matter of fact, an absolute despot. The one now in power happens to be an intelligent, earnest and educated man, Louis Bogran by name. He is a half breed, who was sent abroad and educated in Germany. His predecessors stole a few millions and now affects New York. Bogran is doing what he can to develop the country and is prodigal in his land gifts to foreigners. I was talking yesterday with Mr. J. B. Daniels, principal owner of the Potosi mines, in the Department of Choluteca. He is a Philadelphian, who three years ago came to Honduras. From the coast he worked his way to the capital on the only two modes of conveyance, the back of a native and the back of a mule. He saw Bogran, told him he was looking for a tract of land rich in mineral, which, if he found, he would try to develop. Bogran sent him down toward the Nicaragua line, where Mr. Daniels found what he wanted. Then Bogran presented him with one hundred miles of rich territory, an absolute legal gift, and told him to do what he could with it. Mr. Daniels did so, and is today the owner of a mine which yields him a couple of thousand dollars worth of gold a week. "If our people will not develop our mines some one must," says Bogran, so he gives away miles of territory to any foreigner who wants it.

Rich as Honduras is, it is not a pleasant place to live in. The hot season lasts from January to December, and for six months of that time rain is added to heat and life is a burden. What compensates a man if he gain the gold of the earth and loses the joys of existence? True it is that when the president gives a grand ball at the capital superb appearing women robe themselves in imported dresses, diamonds flash, and the scene is gay and brilliant as a famous dance at Delmonico's or a diplomatic fete at Paris or Berlin. But the cultured and the rich are very few in number. The people, as a rule, are strangely simple, ignorant and dull. They live in an atmosphere of the past, and, while a grade above the Costa Ricans, they have no knowledge, and consequently no yearning for our modern civilization. FREDERICK W. WHITE.

Poor Americans.

An American man-of-war's man was once in a Washington church on an Easter Sunday. Seeing an American flag laid down in the aisle, he indignantly asked what it was placed there for. He was told that it was to save the carpet. Thereupon Sailor Jack picked up the flag from the floor, and, as he folded it carefully, exclaimed: "You people may be good Christians, but you are d-d poor Americans."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Gobelin Tapestry.

The famous manufactory of the Gobelins was established by Louis XIV, of France, who purchased the premises of some clever dyers of that name (Gobelin) about 1666; and the production of the Hotel Royal des Gobelins are said to have attained the highest degree of perfection in the time of Louis' great minister, Colbert, and his successor, Louvois.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

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